

[Occupational and Social Life of Granite]

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Title Occupational and social life of Granite, Oregon

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Place of origin Portland, Oregon Date 4/21/39

Project worker William C Haight

Project editor

Remarks

Form A

Circumstances of Interview

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date April 21, 1939

Address Washington Hotel, Portland, Oregon

Subject Occupational and Social life of Granite, Oregon

Name and address of informant Mrs. Neil Niven, Canyon City, Oregon.

Date and time of interview March 24, 1939

Place of interview Home of informant, Canyon City, Oregon.

Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant

Interviewer's home town.

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Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None.

Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Well-kept, average small-town home of two stories. The architecture of the house is outrageous. It was built with little regard for line, or any quality that a house should have other than utility. The furnishings are comfortable, but are a mixture of all the fads through which the two occupants have lived. The kitchen is modernity at its best.

Form B

Personal History of Informant

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date April 21, 1939

Address Washington Hotel, Portland, Oregon

Subject Occupational and Social Life of Granite, Oregon

Name and address of informant Mrs. Neil Niven, Canyon City, Oregon

Information obtained should supply the following facts:

1. Ancestry

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2. Place and date of birth
 3. Family
 4. Places lived in with dates
 5. Education, with dates
 6. Occupations and accomplishments with dates
 7. Special skills and interests
 8. Community and religious activities
 9. Description of informant
 10. Other points gained in interview
1. German-American.
 2. Jan. 30, 1872.
 3. Husband, one son.
 4. Sumpter, Granite, Canyon City, Oregon.
 5. No formal education, equivalent to high school education.
 6. Schoolteacher, assistant to husband in County Abstract office.
 7. Contract Bridge, and community activities.
 8. All community activities that are going in Canyon City. Episcopalian.

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9. Short, round, dark haired, slow moving little lady. Not without malice called the “sighing Duchess.” This is due to her distressing habit (to others) of heavily sighing when she is displeased; and she is often displeased.

10. She sighed two acquaintances of mine out of the house when she came over to talk to me. She took one look at them and heaved a mighty sigh—“Bill, 2 do you—sigh—want me—sigh and doleful look at friends—to—sigh—talk now. —long drawn out sigh. Friends knew the sign and—sigh—left.

When she was a girl in Sumpter they elected a queen to dedicate the new lumber mill they had just built. Mrs. Niven won the election with ease. At last the great day arrived and she walked up to the cord that would pull the whistle and dedicate the mill. Just as she pulled the cord the foundation of the mill gave way and collapsed. The mill was never re-built.

Form C

Text of Interview (Unedited)

Federal Writers' Project

Works Progress Administration

OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William C. Haight Date April 26, 1939

Address

Subject Occupational and Social Life of Granite, Oregon

Name and address of informant Mrs. Neil Niven, Canyon City, Oregon

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Text:

Oh! I'm delighted! I've wanted to see the story of Granite preserved for a long time. The little town is filled with rich, boisterous lore. Rollicking, rough, and ready, would best describe those townspeople.

Granite, or Independence, as it first was called, was built in the heart of the Blue Mountains. As you know, many creeks roar down from the mountain springs into the canyons. The mountains are rough, tower high into air and flatten out into rocky, almost impassable flats at other places. This rough country presents many obstacles hard to overcome. The roughness, coupled with the unfavorable climatic conditions are, at times, almost unbearable. The Granite country could be and usually is nature at its best and worst.

Each season of the year presented peculiar problems. The fall was the best time for everyone. Then the days were warm and pleasant, fading into cool, brilliant, moonlit, starlit nights. The air brought a fresh, crisp, tang to your nostrils. The smell of the pine needles was always more sharp in the fall.

Winter covered the mountains with snow. As soon as the snow started falling the men began an almost never-ending shoveling of drifts from the 2 walks we used in town. Ravines that during the summer harbored laboring miners were completely filled with snow. The houses we lived in looked rather like large Eskimo ice houses. The mountain streams were beautiful at this time of the year. They cut a sparkling, almost black line through the heavy crusted snow, they were about the only thing in that country that didn't look frozen. The high drifts, piled higher by changing winds, blocked the trails and entrances to the mines. Often operations were forced to shut down.

Short winter days! How I hated them. When I say our winter days were short I am giving it a mild sound. A more modern description would be "the day is nice, wasn't it?" They lasted

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about that long, due to the natural shortness of days in the winter and the surrounding towering mountains.

Spring! "A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts o' love," might be true in parts of the world but not in Granite. There the young man's fancy and brawn were turned to avoiding landslides, digging out of the knee-deep mud, and damming up the swollen streams.

The spring freshets would seep through the timbers of the mines, making them unsafe.

Work! Work! Work! That's what spring meant. However, gold was the Eldorado and mud, landslides, and Indians, were part of the price for the right to gamble for high-grade.

Summer time, or "water season" as it was called, compensated partially for the rigors of winter and spring. Then the mines hummed with activity. The long, weary days of toil and heartache would suddenly fade only when the golden yell of "strike"! filled the streets.

The major problems confronting the miners during the sweat season was lack of water.

Perhaps, this lack made little difference, really, to the thirst quenching needs of the men, but it certainly made panning, sluicing, and placer-mining harder.

During the summers I enjoyed watching the men clean up their sluice boxes. I would go down to the mines about clean-up time and watch the foreman take the nuggets and dust out. I'll tell you its a real thrill when they are hitting the high-grade in a heat.

The average man laboring in the mines was unable to stay and watch the cleanup. The owners would either do the cleaning up or their most trustworthy foreman would do it for them. At times in some of the mines they would be working three shifts and clean-up after every shift. The owners could not entirely keep the men from stealing the ore. The men would hollow out their pick or shovel handles, and stuff gold into them. They would put the valuable pieces into their lunch buckets or fill their hair with the dust and small nuggets.

Unfortunately, whenever a man starts making a little money the pack-rats will fill his cellar.

The men of Granite had a code of ethics that fulfilled the function of legal law. Oh! There were plenty of infractions of the code, but often these infractions were dealt with by lead

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logic, rather than by legal evasion. M-h-m, yes, I suppose it isn't right to stretch a horse thief with his boots on, or lead up a sift snitcher, but it served its purpose with remarkable finality to further trespassing.

The men in the mines wore a regulation miner's hat with a candle on the front bill. Overalls, with hip-boots, and a dark blue, heavy shirt completed his outfit. About the only concession they would make for social life would be a different hat, and smaller boots. They used picks and shovels for tools most of the time in the mines. Dynamite and all the paraphernalia that goes with its use was utilized whenever possible.

For living quarters the men chopped down trees, trimmed and seasoned them to use in building log cabins. Simplicity and utility were their chief characteristics. A few of the windows in the cabins were waxed paper, but in my time most of us had regular window panes. Furniture was made from rough lumber and produced by the men.

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Supplies were brought in from Pendleton or the Umatilla Landing by freight wagons. The regular mail came through by pack train from John Day. The supplies brought by the wagons could only be wagoned in during the summer months. The rest of the year the roads and trails were impassable. Mail nearly always managed to get through, with the possible exception of the heavy snow season.

One of the mules that carried the way pockets was the famous Betsey. Betsey, as the young people today would say, was the glamour girl of the pack trains. She was a gentle, kind, good animal, with a romantic twist to her nature. Betsey was the mule Jack Long loaded down with whiskey when he first packed into the country. Betsey mired down in the mud and when Jack pulled her but he found gold on her feet. This incident started the gold rush to Granite. Betsey rated as pure dust in our community. Later she was used to pack butchered beef from the John Day country into Granite.

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When I first went to Granite as their schoolteacher, there were only two other single girls there. A little later another girl, too fat to make any difference moved into town. We three girls, and later the fat one, had a glorious time. Every bachelor there at one time or another asked us for a date.

At the Never Sweat Hotel we girls started a library. Every evening we would spend at the library encouraging the young men of the town to read books. Precious little reading was done, but many books were taken out of the library. Each girl had a special beau to see that she arrived home safely, but it did not hinder our entertaining the other bachelors at the library.

The library had the books for an excuse for the miners to come to the hotel, but an old organ helped provide the entertainment. We would dance and sing to the music of that old, out of tune organ, and have the best time. There were four young men there: Mr. Niven, Mr. Buttridge, Mr. Tabor, and Mr. Ditmar, who could sing quite well. They developed quite a reputation as the 5 Granite quartet. Games were popular too, as a form of amusement at the hotel. One game I remember quite well was called "so very low." This is a card game played today under the name of "solo". The books in the library were the current novels of the day, although "current" is stretching it away because current books to us meant a book that had been published within three years of the time we read it. Too, the usual classics were there, although read only by a few of the more studious people. Magazines that were several months, or for that matter sometimes a year old were kept on hand and loaned out.

The miners were rather rough. Social amenities were restricted to saying "Yes, mam." They seemed to have no concept of manners at all. The few men that were well mannered were gamblers or drunkards, which eliminated them from our lives. One of the girls gave her gentleman caller the "slag" because as she said, "most of the time he talked to me like he did his horse. I could have stood that, but one day he yelled at me like he did to his

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mule at the mine. I handed him the slag.” (Ed. Note. Slag is the worthless tailings in a mine — it means that she handed him his “walking papers.”)

The men were kind and decent but rather rough in speech, and girls had to have enough of the social graces to do for both of them. At first this distressed me, but I finally got used to being treated like a skittish colt as one swain called me.

I don't think courting was much different then than it is now. I must say though the young men didn't bring a pint of whiskey and a package of cigarettes along for his girl. There were not many things the boys could buy for the girls, but they did manage to buy a little candy and on very great occasions a boy would send out and get some flowers. My! but that was a rare treat!

One favorite part of courting was going out in the woods and picking 6 wildflowers in the spring and summer. The long walks through the woods picking the flowers brought many a girl a proposal. Rather silly of us girls but we would see how many proposals we could get from the boys. One young fellow must have been mighty anxious to get married because he proposed to all of us, as often as possible. He, of course, had no idea that we girls were trading our proposal stories. We had so much fun kidding that young fellow along. I know that we all accepted him and he finally left town one night. We never heard from him again.

Other amusements that we had were community dances, community sings, and one whale of a big celebration on the 4th of July. You see we not only celebrated the signing of the declaration of Independence but also the founding of our town. The celebration was similar, I suppose, to other small towns; other than the fact that there were so few girls in our town.

At these celebrations the men that were not courting the girls spent their time and money in one of the several “wet groceries.” They would get hell-roaring drunk and gamble their hard-earned money away as if it were water.

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Usually the smartest man in the community would give a public address. Address is the correct word for it too, because such a speech was filled with huge, jaw-breaking words, and a full two hours in endurance. How a man ever talked that long, or how we ever sat through such an oration has since given me many moments of wonder. A band made up of local fellows would supply the music for the program. We girls always played an important part. We could sing and recite popular patriotic pieces, or write and deliver an essay on some great event in American history. Gracious! Those essays must have been horrible. However, they were flowery, and everyone applauded, remarking on our native intelligence. Tsh! I nearly forgot to mention it but the men always prepared a barbecue feast which was served about noon for the festivities.

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The evenings we would spend dancing in one of the store buildings or the lobby of the Never Sweat Hotel. An organ and fiddle supplied our dance music.

Christmas time was pleasant because of its meaning. The giving of gifts was not like it is now because we simply could not buy them. However, we would embroider things for each other, and make those awful "Home Sweet Home" mottoes they used to have in homes. I am so glad that people today don't have them. Too, we would have a church service, and a community tree. At this community tree we would each get some candy and the presents from our friends. We girls always struck heavy pay dirt. Each swain would remember us in some way. They had to fashion their presents by hand, but we practically furnished our rooms by these presents. Something rather lovely about it—don't you think? At the tree we would sing the age old Christian carols, and the male quartet would sing several selections.

Our church customs were probably as different as you would expect in a mining camp. We had no regular preacher or for that matter no regular religion. As one woman put the case, "one Sunday, I'll argee my religion, and the next Sunday somebody else can argee theirs." That was the way religious training was carried on. How the few children there were could

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get anything out of the service I don't know. I suspect we raised a flush vein of heathens. I never, as the lady said, "argeed" my religion; I just read parts of the Bible when it was my turn. I thought that my religion was above argument.

Anyway, we were cosmopolitan in a religious sense. However, it didn't affect very many people. The only young men that would come would be the ones that we girls had promised a date to if they would come. I am certain they never listened to the arguments. The lady that said she wanted to "argee" her religion was known as "Big Six". Mainly because she was nearly 8 six feet tall and had weight that more than equaled her height. She could really put the Baptist thunder in her "argeement."

I know one young man distressed me greatly one Sunday by sitting near my organ and never taking his worshipful look off my face. It would not have been so bad if the look had been worshipful in the religious sense, but his look was of the purely earthy sort. The other girls kidded me a lot about that. In fact, everybody in town made the boy's life and my life miserable for a couple of weeks with their unmerciful kidding.

There were two extremely bright young men that came to the Sunday school. They were the sons of the editor of the Granite paper. One day "Big Six" was explaining to the Sunday school class about the old dispensation and the new dispensation. After she had given a full review of the two books, that is, the Old Testament and the New Testament, she asked the young people assemblage if they had understood her. "Yes, replied the youngest editor's son, but when will they be out?" He meant by that when would the books be published. To put it mildly "Big Six" was deflated. She soon recovered and her loud laughter could be heard clear down town.

Working in the mines were a number of "Cornish men." These men were not a part of the group, really; but at times they would take part in some of the local entertainment. One time the Sunday school had them sing for us. They had beautiful voices, but they didn't know a note of music. One of the tenors entered a contest for the state fair and won 1st

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prize, using a guitar for accompaniment. Their cabins were off away from the rest of us and every evening you could hear them singing their songs, many of them original. Not being able to read or write they naturally found learning fairly hard. By making the music and words up they would fulfill their singing ambitions, although the songs were expressed in vile English.

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I have spoken of these Cornish men almost as if they were niggers, but they were so unlettered and uncouth and had so very little in common with most everyone else in the camp, that we naturally thought of them as something apart.

About this time of the year we would start our snowshoeing parties. Thirty or 40 people would gather together at one house and start from there. Then we would walk out through the woods on the snowshoes. After several hours of jollity we would go back to the house and have a lunch. Then, usually we would gather around an organ, or if there wasn't an organ someone would play a fiddle and we would sing and dance.

These parties were always a good source for one of us girls to get another proposal, and before the night ended we would get together and exchange the romantic musings of some enamored male. We were dreadful, but my it was fun.

My school teaching was rather sketchy. I was quite serious about it but still the youngsters must have suffered from my lack of knowledge. I taught the usual subjects; reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history. As for a method of teaching, I don't believe I had what might be termed a formula. I just tried to teach them what few facts I had to. The school children sat on benches, and a long, rough lumber table was used for a desk. They all sat at this one table.

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We would open school each day with a prayer and a song. The song we would change every few weeks. I thought that in that way I could teach the children to memorize in a more or less harmless way. They enjoyed learning new songs immensely.

During recess the children played games that are traditional with all children. Perhaps the only different thing about our school was that the children would go down to the mines and make a survey of different 10 processes of mining, then come back to the school and give a report on what they had seen. This was done, because most of the children would start to work in the mines by the time they were 12 or 14. Education even then did have some practical sides to it.

When Granite was at its height there were approximately 3000 Chinese working in the mines, or working mines of their own. These Chinese would buy mines after the white man was nearly finished with his operations. Usually the white man was convinced of the fact that he was selling slag dirt. However, the Chinese could still make a living from the tailings or slags. This always struck me as a peculiar but profitable quality.

The poor Chinese were socially ostracised from white society. However, they had their own lives and led them much as we do ours. They even practised their oriental religions. Occasionally some one of the whites would brave the criticism of the occidentals and attend the Chinese services.

Respectable business houses in Granite made it a point of pride in not hiring any Chinese labor. This seems cruel today but perhaps the situation justified it. You see, the mongolians greatly outnumbered the whites.

Rather amusing is the fact that despite the white man's dislike of the yellow race they still had to trade at times with them. At one time the Chinese owned three large stores in Granite. These stores almost had a corner on the market and the white's practically had to

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trade with them. The Chinese could undersell any white merchant by a great deal, due to the extremely low wages they paid their help and their small living costs.

The housing conditions of the Chinese were frightful. Although they were clean, you would find fifteen or twenty people living—cooking, eating, and sleeping in one room. This seems almost incredible but it is true. You know the mining cabins used are always so small that it's a wonder they were even able to breathe. Sanitation, at least as we understand it today, was not only unheard of but never practiced.

Gambling was one of the chief diversions the men had after working all day. Of course, most of the things I know about that life is hearsay. I never went into a saloon in my life. It wasn't a thing a lady could do.

I remember one time a miner had just made a big strike up the hill back of town. When he brought his bag of dust in he walked up to the saloon and while standing at the door he through his bag of gold dust across the room and it lit on the bar, breaking the bag and making a big dent in the bar. He yelled, at the top of his voice to everyone in the place "Come on you mud sluckers, the drink is on me." It was one of the wildest wooliest nights that Granite ever had.

Usually when someone got liquored up he would march up and down the streets shooting off his guns. One source of amusement for him was getting the Chinese separated from one another, then making one of them do the bullet dance. This was accomplished by one or several men firing at the luckless creatures feet, and he had to jump and dance to keep from getting hit. I don't ever remember of anyone being hurt by this odd amusement but, most likely there was. We girls use to wish sometimes that the Chinese would get a hold of a white man and make him dance to the tune of their knives. All of the orientals packed knives for protection, but they only used them among themselves, and not that very often.

One fellow who was normally rather a quiet chap would occasionally go off on a big spree. When he did this we could always plan on some fancy buckarooing and hollering. He

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would mount his horse and ride up and down the streets hollering, making his horse buck, and shooting his gun in the air. He never hurt anyone, and it certainly was amusing to watch. I suppose you would class it as just good clean fun.

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Granite has long been noted for practical jokes. No one was spared from the ingenuity of the townspeople's wit. One had to be a good sport to live in the town. If humiliation and embarrassment were more than you could take your best bet was to leave, which happened to quite a number.

A chap named Saturday Brown was on the receiving end of one of the less harmful but hilarious jokes. Saturday achieved the distinction of his name by his unfailing adherence to his established custom of coming to town every Saturday morning, at approximately ten o'clock. His regularity was astounding. I don't believe he varied more than 10 or 15 minutes in all the years that he bought supplies from the merchants of Granite.

One time the business men of the town decided to play a joke on Saturday. When he came to town at his usual time he found every business house in town locked up. He walked up and down the streets, pounding on doors, hollering for admittance, and peering in windows.

Unable to arouse anyone he went in search of someone to find out what was the matter. He asked one of the men he found, what the hell had happened, everything in town was closed up.

"Well," the fellow said, "this is Sunday, Saturday. We been mighty worried about you. Thought maybe you had been injured or you were ill."

"I'll be goddamned," yelled Saturday. "What's the matter with you people? Have you all gone crazy? This isn't Sunday. I have never missed coming to town on Saturday in my life."

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Although unconvinced, Saturday returned home, greatly puzzled over his lapse. When he came to town the following Saturday he was aware that the people had played a joke on him. However, everyone inquired solicitously about his health, and naturally commented on his absence. Saturday would go purple with rage whenever they mentioned it, and curse everyone in town. Why Saturday couldn't see the joke was a matter of conjecture, 13 and made the pleasure of chiding him about his lapse all the more amusing.

When I went to Granite to teach their school, I might not have known beans about school teaching, but I had a cute figure and was rather pretty. Granite townspeople always looking for some one to kid picked on me as a natural.

The first spring I spent in Granite the old time vaudeville circuit riders called the Lyceum troupe, came to the town to give us an entertainment. Everyone was greatly excited about this big event. We girls planned our dresses for weeks ahead, and spent endless hours discussing which one of our swains we would choose to take us to the show. Oh! Dear! We spent endless hours discussing every possible angle of the big event.

The local newspaper responded to the interest of the public and carried each week long discussions about the great acting ability of the members of the troupe. Too, we were led to believe that everyone in the outlying territories would come to town for this great occasion.

The day arrived after seemingly an endless period of waiting. The newspaper came out that afternoon announcing the arrival of the Lyceum troupe. Underneath the headline they carried a story about why prominent men from all over the county were in town. Each man was asked, "Why did you come to Granite?" Their answer was, "To see the new school mom!"

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I wept with humiliation when I read the story. Oh! I was nearly ready to kill the editor. I made up my mind that under no circumstance would I go to the show. However, all the girls wanted me to and told me it would be much worse if I didn't.

Well, I went. Never, never, until my dying day will I forget the greeting I got. When I walked in the hall everyone shouted "Who do we want to see? The new School Mom!"

Cougar Dick thought he was the toughest, bravest, hombre that ever slapped a poke of dust down on the bar. Cougar Dick not only thought this 14 but thunderously, boastfully proclaimed it!

When that hombre would swagger down the streets, his two guns, hanging loosely in his holsters, slapped and swished against his tightly trousered legs. His jaw was lump shaped by a wad of Star plug that he shifted from one side of his face to the other; a long juicy brown streak aimed with unerring accuracy would attest the transfer.

A swaggering, swearing, swash buckling hombre with no more courage than a scrawny, flea-bitten (——) was the consensus of the townspeople.

When Cougar Dick was drunk he would stand at the bar of the Never Sweat saloon with his buckaroo boot on the brass rail, a glass of whiskey in one hand, and the butt of his gun in the other singing:- Yo! Ho! I'm Cougar Dick, from Granite crik. Yo! Ho! Yo! Ho! I'm Cougar Dick, and you'd better be quick! Yo! Yo! Ho! Cause Cougar Dick from Granite crik will trump your trick! Yo! Ho! Yo! Ho! I'm Cougar Dick!

We people of Granite were used to most every odd quirk a man could have, but Cougar Dick strained our quality of mercy. To call the bluff of our yo-ho-ing friend the men of the town staged an elaborate but effective joke.

A dummy, made of straw, and dressed in typical miner's garb was placed on the rocks at the base of a high cliff at the entrance of Gruel's gulch. At the crest of the cliff several men

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waited with rifles. The others then went back to the Never Sweat saloon where Cougar Dick had struck his usual stance and was lustily vouching for his virility. The men sat down and listened to his boastful song.

Soon Cougar Dick was interrupted by a man running into the saloon and excitedly yelling, "Come on fellows, somebody has been murdered down at 15 Gruel's gulch!" In just a moment the saloon was emptied.

When the men were close enough to the cliff to distinguish the dummy body from the rocks, the men on the crest of the cliff started firing a volley of shots. Bullets fell all around the men, who rapidly searched for places of safety. Shortly the firing ceased and a loud voice boomed out, "We're gonna lead up Cougar Dick next!"

Well, yo, ho, our Cougar Dick from Granite Creek crawled away from the men on his belly, sneaking quite a ways down the road. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and started running hell-bent for Sumpter. The men who were not doubled-up laughing, fired a few shots at the rapidly retreating figure.

Grant Thornburg, sheriff, at Sumpter knew of the joke. When [bedraggled?] Cougar Dick arrived, Thornburg arranged for a salesman to take the same train out as Cougar Dick, to follow him suspiciously as if he were out to lead him up. All the way to Baker the salesman heckled the frightened Cougar Dick. Every time he moved the salesman followed him, looking as menacing as possible. The moment the train pulled in at Baker, Cougar Dick jumped off and ran to catch another one. We never heard of him again.

Afterwards for many years, whenever a man showed a little streak of yellow, they would say he had "Cougar Dick courage."

Granite was first named Independence. On July 4, 1862, the notorious Jack Long discovered gold here and this precipitated a rush. The town was named in honor of Independence Day; on which it was founded. Later, when the Granite townspeople

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petitioned the United States government for a post office the government insisted they change the name of Independence. In accordance with the government edict the townspeople voted for the name granite.

Jack Long was working as a miner on the Gordon claim. The other miners desiring some liquor, sent Jack out with a pack mule to pack in some whiskey. On his way back the heavily loaded Betsey, mired down in a swampy, muddy flat.

When Jack pulled her out he noticed her mud caked feet had gold on them. Immediately he sunk a prospect hole that panned 25 cents to the hand. Jubilantly he filed a claim on the land and when the news traveled a gold rush was started. This was on the fourth day of July, 1862. Between \$50,000 and \$60,000 was taken out of the claims filed.

Jack Long drunk or sober was an obnoxious man. His good qualities were usually deeply submerged in by-gone gallons of liquor. He probably had as few friends as any man alive.

Hate flamed to a new heat in the mining camp during the second election of Abraham Lincoln. Granite citizens, almost to a man were southern democrats. The ugliest name they could call a man was "Lincolnite". The worthless Jack Long was no exception. His hate for Lincoln was the most eloquent thing about him. When the dreaded news came that Lincoln had been elected bitterness burned deeply in all Democratic hearts. The few votes he received in Granite cast the finger of black Republican suspicion on many people.

Jack Long, on one of his glorious sprees, decided he had the courage to find the man who dared to vote for Lincoln. Arming himself with a revolver and knife, he set out on his self-appointed mission. Each man he met on the street he questioned boldly, threateningly. His voice could be heard booming up and down the street.

"Did you dare to vote for Abraham Lincoln?" Most everyone answered, "No." A man riding by on his horse reined in and said to Jack: "I dared to vote for Lincoln. What are you going

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to do about it?" Dead silence fell 17 on the crowd that had quickly gathered. Jack Long broke the silence with "Well, that makes one. Where's another?"

Someone in the crowd yelled, "thought you was gong to shoot the first black Republican you met, Jack?"

"Well," he answered, "you can't shoot a man on his horse."

Accused of being a coward, Jack countered, "I'd rather be called a coward than be dead." Republicans were safe after that.

(Interviewer's note: There are several versions of the Jack Long stories. I do know there was a Jack Long; further then that I can't vouch.)

Another interesting character was "Day-after-tomorrow" Howard, (Gene O. O. Howard) a general in the United States Army who showed yellow. Gen. Howard was detailed to catch the Indians that were on the warpath. Several times this could have been accomplished if Howard had not ordered his men to camp for the night. Then he would tell them that they would catch the Indians tomorrow. On his reports to Washington, D. C. he would say that he was sure he would catch the Indians day-after-tomorrow. Hence, his name.

Form D

Extra Comment

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OREGON FOLKLORE STUDIES

Name of worker William Haight Date April 20

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Address Washington Hotel, Portland

Subject Occupational and Social Life of Granite

Name and address of informant Mrs. Neil Niven Canyon City, Oregon

Comment:

Mrs. Niven was at one time one of three persons editing the Granite Siftings, a newspaper; the other two co-editors were also women. The following items appeared in the paper (1891) while under their editorship:

We would like to call your attention to the following premiums to be given to Contributors of the Siftings.

The Contributors of the greatest number of articles will receive the Granite Siftings for one year and handsomely bound edition of T. A. Heninger's poems.

The second will be rewarded with copies of the Siftings for six months, and a ticket to North Fork.

The third a three months subscription to the Siftings, and the privilege of visiting the Sanctum of the Editors.

The duties of the editors being so arduous, and contributors so rare, we thought by offering the above mentioned premiums, we might secure aid before again going to press.

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We find there is no victory without strife, and that the struggling people of Granite must have some incentive before laboring for pleasure, remuneration being only a second thought.

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With thanks to those who have aided and prayers to those who did not,

We beg permission to remain, your devoted Editors.

The following letter with some smoking material was found in one of the rooms at the hotel, the owner can have the same by calling on the landlord. Through respect for the parties concerned we will not publish any names.

Jan. 22, 1891

My Darling ———

Your innocent soul knows not what a wicked world can say of a pure friendship like yours. But listen to me. It is something more than friendship I feel for you. I have tried to hide my love from you and to seem like a friend, fearing if you know how passionately I adored you, you would banish me forever from your presence, but now I can endure this life no longer, for I love you so madly that you must either be mine or I must leave you forever —that brute whom the world calls your husband—has severed every tie that should bind you together. I promise my darling that you will be mine, so no man can sever the tie that binds us, and the bond between us will be stronger far in the sight of heaven. I promise to be true and faithful husband to you. Do not shrink from me. If I read you 3 right your heart answers Yes to what I am saying.

To the Editors of the Granite Siftings:

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In your last issue I noticed an article on Love, which was pronounced a disease of the liver written by Dr. Hensinger. Thinking it may be of benefit to the Doctor, as well as some of his patients, I will give the following recipe which is a sure cure.

Take 12 oz. of dislike,

1 oz. of resolution

2 grains of common sense

2 oz. of experience

A large sprig of time

3 quarts of cooling water of consideration.

Set them over the gentle fire of love. Sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness. Skim it with the spoon of melancholy. Soak your liver in this for twenty-four hours, then wrap in a clean conscience, and let it remain and you will quickly find relief and be restored to your senses leaving no bad [affect?] on the brain.

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1. "Only a cat in the moonlight, Only a cat, that's all; Only a song at midnight, Only a wild, weird waul.

2. Only a man impulsive, Only a reason flown, Only a clutch convulsive Only a boot jack thrown.

3. Only a sudden sally, Only an uttered "scat", Only a corpse in the alley, Only a poor, dead cat."

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[Queries:?]

Miss L. asks why Messrs. Tabor, Niven, Gutridge, and Ditmars, called the quartet? Ans. Because they are four, and are willing to add four more.

Why does Mr. Hilliard think women ought to have the headache? Ans. Because he took hold the hot end of the spider the other morning when cooking his own breakfast.

5

Why does Bobby McCullough select his own novels at the Hotel Library? Ans. Because, unlike the other fellows about town, he is afraid of the school teacher, which reminds us of the adage that children know their enemies when men do not.

Who would Maud and Cora like for husbands? We would refer to the young ladies themselves.

Is the game of "so very low" attractive? Very, if both hold full hands.

Did Mrs. L. N. learn to control her snowshoes to advantage the other evening. It looked to a casual observer that the snowshoes controlled her.

QUERIES.

Who is called the father of American poetry?

Who was the American poet-laureate?

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A fine building lot in Granite, will be given to the member who answers the following question correctly, before the first of March, [?]

Name in order the Poets-Laureate.

“Answers to Correspondents.”

Under this head, answers to all literary and historical questions will be answered provided the correspondent signs her name in full to her queries.

Why does Mr. H. call love a disease of the liver?

It must be because he lives in a butcher shop.

6

Why does Mc. Irwin never call at the Hotel?

Ans. He does not seem to understand the game of “solo” as played at the Hotel but is anxious to learn.

Why does Mr. Heninger not contribute poems every week?

Ans. He is not desirous of becoming famous.

How would one constrain from reading his notes? J.L.D.

Ans. We refer you to Mr. Heninger's dictionary to find the meaning of the word constrain.

Why does our teacher look so lonely of late?

Ans. Because Doc. Tabor is out of town.

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A problem. Shape a body with four corners, so that each corner is the same distance from every other corner? (Ans. next week.)

Problem by A. G. T. to the Journal.

Three trains, 1, 2, and 3, fill a side track; engine 4 pulls up train 4; gets orders to leave train 4 and pull train 2; engine 4 can pull but one train at a time. Problems is to switch out train 2, and put train 4 on side track; engine to pull No. 2, instead of push? If Mr. A. G. T. will call at the Editorial Sanctum he will find it worked to his satisfaction.

————— God bless the girls, with their homemade curls, They haunt our evening dreams;
They haunt our lives as spirit wives, Like the Naids haunt the streams.

2. God bless our wives, they fill our lives, With little bees and honey; They ease life's
shocks, they darn our socks, But how they spend our money.

7

More Rules in the Art of Fascinating.

As the young men of Granite seem to have graciously accepted and readily adhered to our former rules for fascinating, we will offer a few others, which we hope will be as graciously accepted and that they may be beneficial in bringing great pleasure to all of our young men. We notice the gentlemen seem to have studied and practiced more thoroughly Rule 3, that is; Fix your eyes staringly upon the lady whom you wish to strike quite dead in love with you, and gaze fixedly and burningly into them as if you were trying to mesmerize her. If you perceive it is with difficulty she keeps from laughing in your face, or if she turns away as though insulted, you must by no means relax your gaze for these are clear signs that you are having some affect on her, and if she sends for her father to kick you out of the house, you may know that it is because she dares not trust herself longer in your fascinating presence. Rule 6. If you become enamored of a young lady call on her continually and should she show any signs of weariness by all means redouble

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your attentions, call oftener and stay longer, make yourself a fixture in her presence, like a dummy in the doorway of a haberdashery; this will soon do the business for you, and leave us with no possible ground for doubt as to your position in her affections. Rule 8. If a lady condescends to treat you with a little familiarity, you must instantly take advantage of it which you may do by some such trick as putting your cigar almost into her eyes to light and using her fingers to brush the ashes off the end of it. Rule 9. If you intend to call on a lady in the evening, do not neglect to procure at least one or two original packages and be sure to drink heartily from them several times during the day, for this will give spirit to your conversation while it enables you to perfume her house. Rule 10. Giggle 8 and laugh perpetually; make fun even of serious things, that will show that your heart is light. Rule 11. If you haven't the sprightliness and playfulness to enable you to take advantage of these rules, take the other [?] and be as surly as possible, that is if you can't be a puppy, frisk and bark, be an old dog and growl.

Please Define Society in Granite.

We find the word society to be derived from the Latin "Socius", a companion, or union of a number of rational beings. As the inhabitants of a village or state having common interests, government by a common law, either within or implied; in a more enlarged sense the whole race, or family of man is a society.

Blackstone says the true foundations of society are the "wants and fears of the individuals." First used in the new world in Connecticut to designate a number of families united and incorporated for the support of public worship. All of which definitions are good and will apply to Granite. As we are a collection of individuals "who want to make money", but are willing to fill in the time we are not making money which is by no small means a small portion, hunting up jokes to crack on some other member's head, hearing all the while that the other fellow will return the principal with ruinous interest. We have

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also noticed that the other fellow has his weather eye open and nearly always squares the account with a balance in his favor. Granite society is also inclined to level the walls of conventionality and help the individual attend to private and personal affairs, often to the neglect of his own, and we opine that so far as the promotion of amusement is concerned, Granite Society 9 is a decided success in fact we know of some permanent companionship having been lately formed that promises to be fruitful of much earthy joy, of which, of course, it is our duty to tell the public on the same ground it became the duty of Mr. J. C. to mention the other day that he observed while passing the Never Sweat Mine that the trail from the cabin to the mine looked like it had not been traveled this winter, while the road to town was so well traveled it could easily be seen by moonlight. Tantulus, J. H. D.

There is a story going around that there is a missing page of the Granite Siftings; perhaps the one that contributed two shingle nails can produce it.

The following excerpts are from the U. Y. C. Journal, written in quite legible script by Mrs. Niven. It conveys some aspects of the social and cultural pattern of the gold mining town of Granite, Oregon, in the late 1890's. The table of contents for the first issued read:

Mrs. N. Niven, Editor.

Contents for December

Editorial, Comments, Etc.

Classic Literature Defined.

The Fable of Cupid and Psyche.

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The Latest Book Review.

The Privileges of American Women.

Nuggets of Wisdom.

The Manner of Tennyson.

In Lighter Vein.

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This Journal aims to give its readers reliable, entertaining and instructive reading along the lines of Literature, History, and Mythology.

Believing our subscribers to be more interested in those subjects. Each issue will contain an explanation of some Greek or Roman Myth, as a knowledge of mythology is essential to a thorough understanding of ancient history; and there is hardly any literature in the world that is not colored more or less by these legends.

Title Page

GRANITE

Oregon.

December 23, 1897.

The U. Y. C. Journal

“Knowledge is Power.”

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Vol. 1.

No. 1.

Mrs. N. Niven

Editor.

Advertising Column.

When in Granite

Stop At the

Hotel Grande. No Chinese Employed

Grant Thornburg, Prop.

Niven and Ditmar

Dealers in

General Merchandise

and

Proprietors of the

Ten Cent Milling Co.

11

Buy Your Groceries

Of

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V. W. Gutridge,

Granite, Oregon

Prof. J. A. Gibson

Band Master

And Music Teacher.

Mack and Bachman

Proprietors

of the

Granite Meat Market

L. L. Forrest

Blacksmithing

Granite, Oregon

The P. H. C. No, 313

Meets every Monday at 8.

The Patriots of America

On Thursday.

The Ly. Y. C. On Thursday.

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The A. Daughters of the Republic

On Tuesdays.